

Brian Eno, The Great Pretender

Monica sighed
Rolled on her side
She was so impressed that she just surrendered
She was moved by his wheels
She was just up from Wales
He was fuelled by her coals and he was coming to catch her
Lose the sense of time
Nail down the blinds
And in the succulent dark there's a sense of ending
Joking aside
The mechanical bride
Has fallen prey to the Great Pretender.
Let me just point out discreetly
Though you never learn
All those tawdry late night weepies
I could make you weep more cheaply
As the empty moon enamels
Monica with spoons and candles
Bangs around without the light on
Furniture to get it right on
Settled in a homely fishpool
Hung with little eels
Often thinks that travel widens
'Stay at home, the trout obliges'
Monica sighed
Rolled on to her side
She was so impressed that she just surrendered.